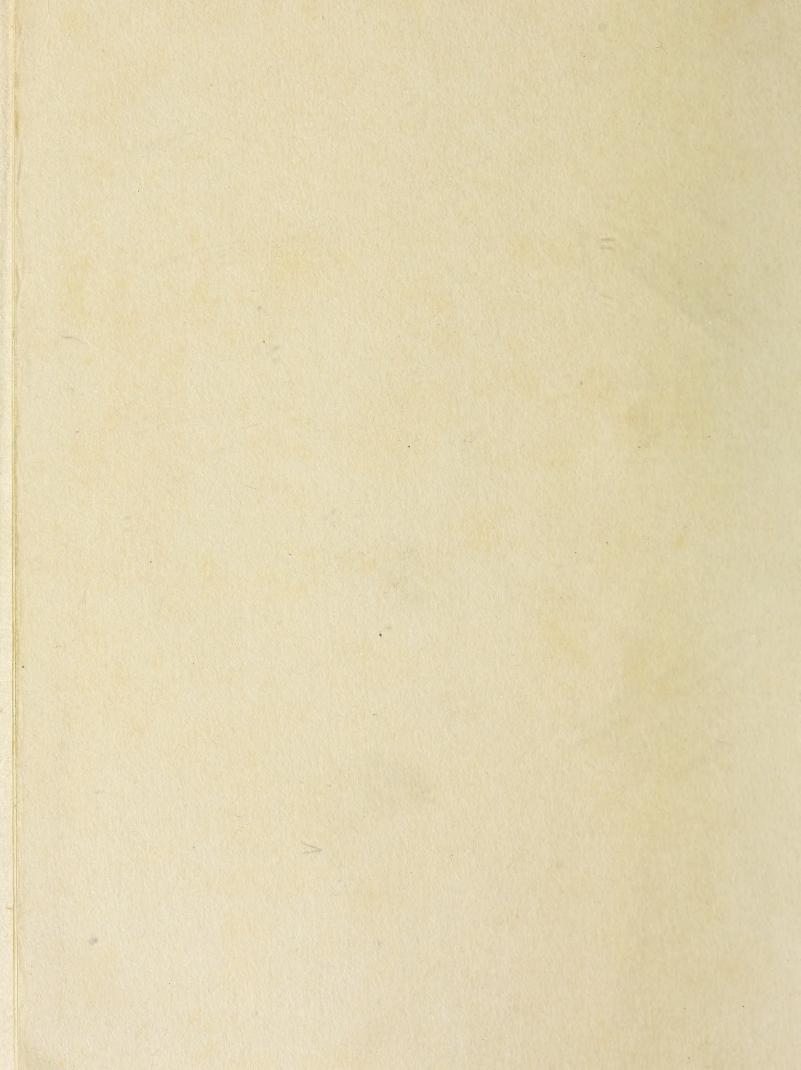


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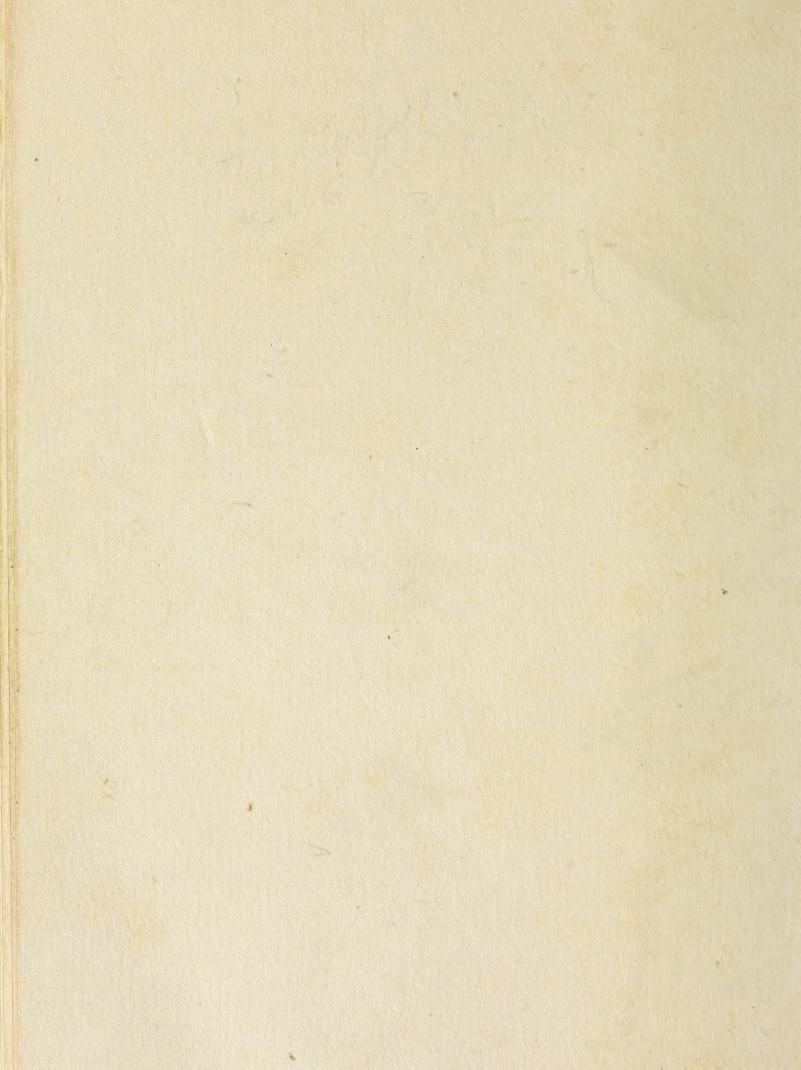
No7.9.



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Queen of the Fishes.



ting up, gold/
tipped, to the
sky& out to
the blue circle
where the
world ends.
And looking
down as he
stood at the
water's edge,
he saw in the
depthsall the
fishes of the
river, the raich
minnows&

fierce old pike & all the great & little eels swimming & wriggling along in grand procession following a beautiful fish, her sides gleaming with scatter of red red gold. As was his habit in the dreamhe cried "Ah, the QUEEN of the FISHES!" And he awoke. & He sat up rubbing his eyes, & saw that it was evening & that the fairies

had already hung out beautiful banners of clouds as "Goodnight" to the sun. The fairies do not need to dream, they know it all when they are awake so they are always busy:...but the boy's bundle of faggots was small & as he hurried homeward he thought more of the bear

Oreen of the Fishes.



ting he must expect from his cruel un dethan of his dream... The next day, as was his wont he sat on the bank of the riv ver talking to his onlutriend alittle fisher girl. Every day her par entssent her out to wade in the streams be catch the



little fish & the crayfish in the pools & rock crevices. & & She did not mind catching the spiteful crayfish who nipped her bare toes, but when she heard the other poor little fish singing so sadly in her basket her heart was touched & she put them back in the river. Then when she went home with almost

Oucen of the Fishes.

empty basi rents beat two children friends,& Etalked to they went search. But the week (it the day be they did no. usual work you yester toher "you OUEEN GIIFS " answered, up through as I swam Dank Arsan ches high

kether par her. 23 The were great Aways met action when their medanin had fallen fore this, do to their day! Desaid of the TI "Tes" she ek I fooked the water ijour bran/

the sky. You have some creating KING OF THE HORES 12.83 For a long time the challenges at the line are the challenges they saw in their other layes fulthings they saw in their other layes

AThe Queen of the Fishes.



which see med to them now only drev ams. They hadheard them often beforever henever tired of the story of her jour 110115 11111 cer the clear war ter&the strange indicis of

her court where showns onen & howall the fishes swam about a play year hide exseek with her in a out the water weeds. The house coned great is grand to the little risher girl



when he told her about the colonies of birds who built in his wide branches & what the winds said to him as they waved his boughs in playor in storm & how near his little topmost twigs were to the sun & how they could see the

Cutter Outeen State History



world all round &3 But those talks did not fillher basket or increase his bundle&just as they were going to set off again af ter their rest his uncle car me towards them out of the wood. As he approached he shook a great stick at them & roal

red out in his fury that they were good furnothing idlers. The children stood still in terror. & & You, said he, seizing the boy & shaking him, were are your faggots? "There are only these dead twigs," answered the boy, I could not breack off the



States.

fiving branches: it hust them betheveried out tome? His unde was only the more angry. "Iknow were you learn this nonsense! knowyou " Et he turned with menacing gestures to the girl you are the OUEEN of the FISHES. The next time you are changed I will set a net & eatch you? 83 A few days after his uncle had used this crited threat the little wood ecut termissed his friend. He knew that she might be play ingunder the water, the queen of the tishes but still he was troubled by forebodings, bleaving his work wandered down the bank of the river. It was as he had feared. After walking a long way vainly peering into the water he came to a net set like an evil trap to eatch the QUEEN. As he sawithe sawher gleaming scales



chased in merry sport by a minnow file had no time to save her, in she swam straight into the net. It the beautiful fish was caught! & "Ah you silly silly fish," he cried why do you play so tecklessly! Have you forgotten my wicked uncle down there in your water home?" & But the poor fish could not speak to him in sounds that he could understand, she only looked out of her beaution.



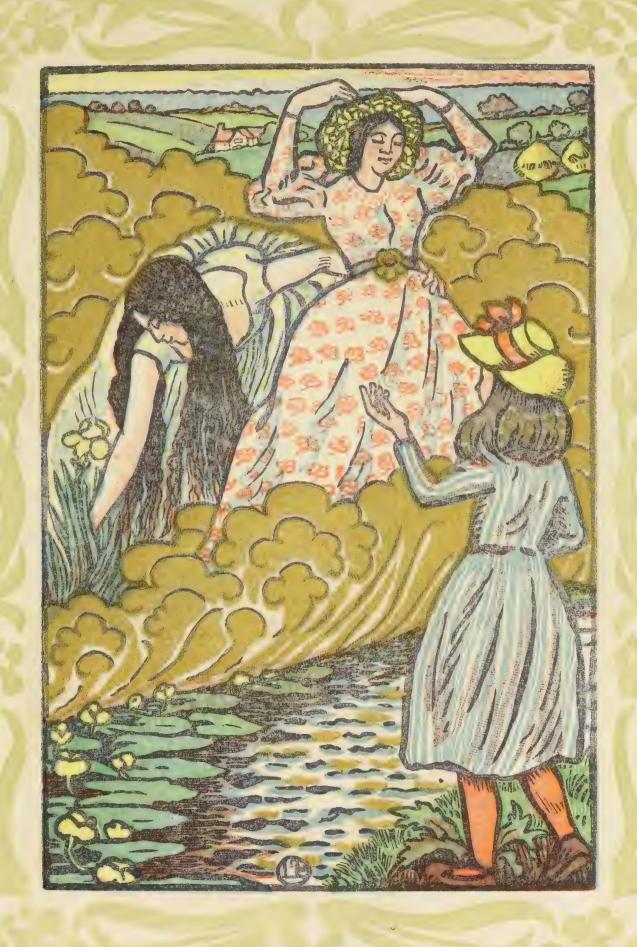
Oveen of the

tiful round eyes avaited. The boy was wading by the river bank. Gently & cautiously, holding a drooping will low bough he pulled the net towards him & loosened its mouth. Out popped the golden fish with a glad wriggle of her tail, & the boy sprang back to land.
just too late. His undehad come to rejoice in her death, in time to see her swi imaway. Estis rage knew no bounds. Allhis vengeance was turned against her deliverer & seizing him he beat him more mercilessly than ever. The boywas passive, yet the old man could not turn him here be there as he wished for his feet seemed fixed to the ground. EBAt list when his unde paused for breath the boy spoke. He stood rigid, save that he threw back his head with anew challenge in his eyes. «Iknow now, that you are not my uncle. You will no longer have power to ill-treat me.

La The Oussen of the Fishes.



I was a little woodcutter, but now I am the KING of the FOREST? And as he finished speaking, before the man's bewildered gaze, the boychanged into a grand oak tree, with branches show ting up gold tipped to the sun& strettching wide arms to the horizon. & For a while the old man stood awestruck, but a dead leaf fluttering downtous check his face & aroused him. With a yell he shook his stick at the tree! I will kill you yet? & he rushed back into the



Chillie Chillie The Fishes.



Fishes. wood, whence he had come, to bring his woodcutters to cut down & burn the KING of the FOREST. & In vain did the trees interlace their boughs to protect their monarch. One by one the woodmen hewed down the twining branches which formed a barrier before them. & Meanwhile the OUEEN of the FISHESwent to the FAIRIES of the rivers & begged them to save her frie end. She told them how the beautiful forest was being destroyed so that the land would be dry & barren & the river springs dried up, & on hearing this they were persuaded to helpher. & From the three rivers rose walls of dense white mist Exolled over the country so that the woods men could only hear each others voices Exgrope their way out of the forest by the clearing they had made. & They would not listen to the cruel man's entreaties; the fairies were against him, they said, & who

can contend against the fairles? So blind & choking they found their way home. & And so the KING of the FOREST & the QVEEN of the FISHES were safe & when they were changed again, they became a faun& a beautiful numph, & were married. Then they never more became a tree & a fish but lived in the old forest among the elves & fairies. & &

Oucen of the Fishes.



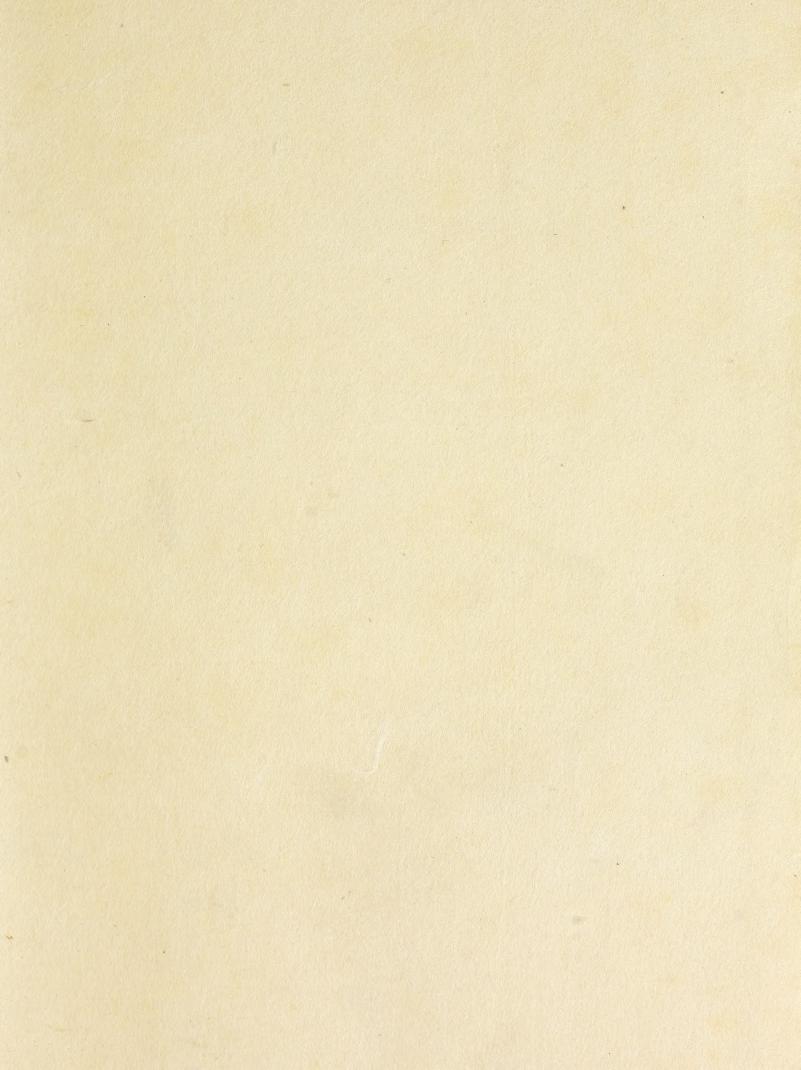
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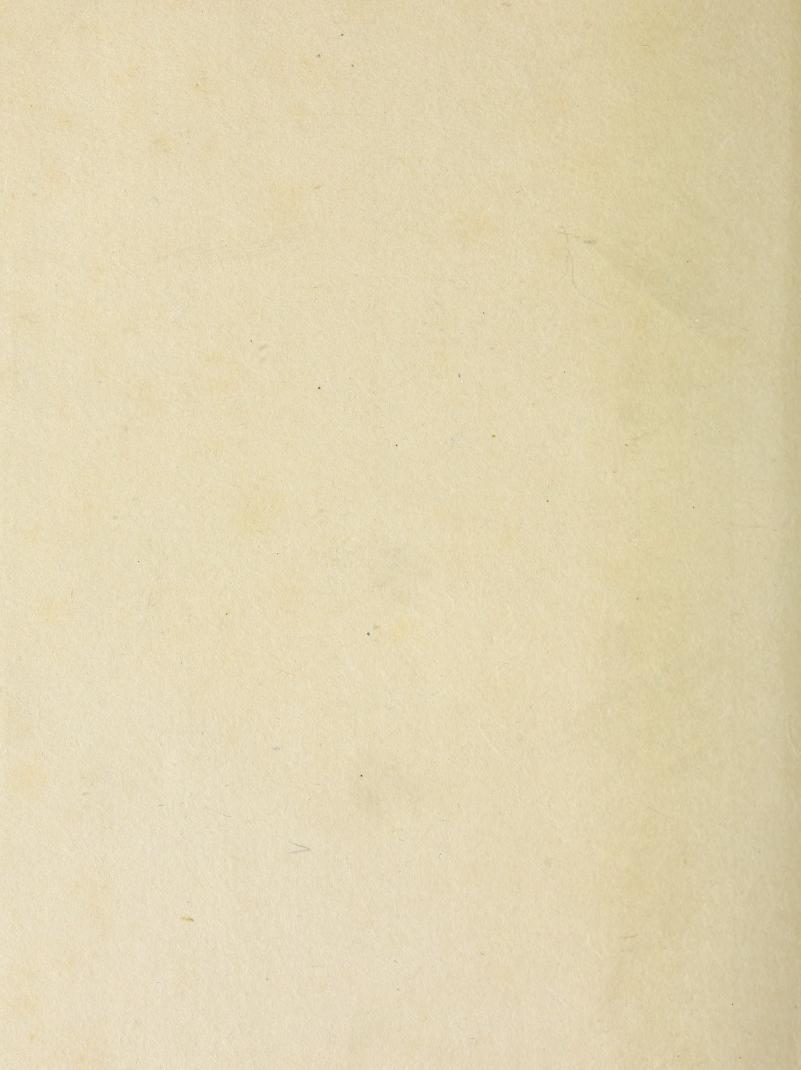


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